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| The months passed on. I had many unhappy hours. I secretly mourned over the sorrow I was bringing on my grandmother |  | She had always slept on the floor in the entry, near Mrs. Flint's chamber door, that she might be within call. |
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| I had been in my· cell six: years when my grand­ mother was summoned to the bedside of this, her last remaining daughter |  | Countless were the nights that I sat late at the little loophole scarcely large enough to give me a glimpse of one twinkling star |
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| The kind-hearted old woman had an intense sympathy for runaways. She had known too much of the cruelties inflicted on those who were captured |  | The next morning I peeped through my loophole, and saw that jt was dark and cloudy. At night I received news that the wind was ahead, and the vessel had not sailed |
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| I found her in a nervous, excited state, but I was not aware that she had forgotten to lock the door behind her, as usual |  | She was afraid all would be discovered, and then Fanny, and Peter, and I, would all be tortured to death |